

› Sleeping With the Enemy

[Verse 1]

Come, I'm P-Dog, with the sh\*t  
That stick, now I'm fin' to get scandalous  
Huh, and tell y'all about a brain disease  
A act up it's a shame disease  
N\*\*\*a please, you still don't act right up  
Wait a minute, let me get my facts right  
When I say that we all don't act the same  
Just a handful wanna salt the game  
So I gotta roll deep  
Check your grip and don't smile, hard as concrete  
Damn shame but it's like that  
Cause some got hardheads like bricks that don't crack  
Raised up on TV  
Fast food and fast times, do or die G  
Without nothin' to lose but a war  
And here life don't mean sh\*t to die for

[Hook + scratching]

"Every brother ain't a brother"  
C'mon, yeah  
"Every brother ain't a brother"  
B'le dat!  
"Every brother ain't a brother"  
Sellin your soul, don't sell your soul man, yo  
"Every brother ain't a brother"  
"You got my back and I got yours"

[Verse 2]

The reporter looked just like me or you  
But that don't mean the man was cool  
He understood when I said that it was death to integrate  
Cause integrate means a\*\*imilate (word!)  
But the media, hate the youth  
Love to spread lies and distort the truth  
They say the pen is stronger than the sword  
But the sword'll give any house n\*\*\*a his just reward  
So let the beat just roll on, huh  
While the weak get told on  
I'm P-Dog, tellin you the actual fact  
Is just cause the skin is black don't mean sh\*t!

It ain't about us comin up  
To them, it's about us gunnin up  
It's a shame but no strain on the brain to see  
It's plain, some, are sleeping with the enemy

[Interlude]

C'mon! Yeah, yeah!

[Verse 3]

Boom, another knocked out, what's it all about  
Gotta give a shout to the few that's never sellin out  
P-Dog, I never slip or slide, I never float along  
As long as in control I know I'm born to be a martyr  
Huh, and I'ma keep on rappin with  
The facts, that I keep on smashin sh\*t  
No props cause it doesn't really matter bout the color of the cop  
And now I hate police so I won't stop  
See the punk b\*t\*h get mad, huh  
I ain't the one for a toe tag  
You best believe when you see me on the street  
I be a motherf\*\*ker ready for the static with a Glock automatic  
So let me tell you why I hate pigs  
The black gestapo, ultimate house n\*\*\*a  
Simply because a brother wantin to be with a plan  
That wanna kill off and cage the black man  
Ain't never runnin from the U.S.A  
Punk, land of the weak, freak, home of the slave  
And I ain't goin to Clarence cause the appearance is clear to me  
Some punks, are sleepin with the enemy